

The History of

Prince. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Po. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, & then will they venture upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved, but weele set upon them.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, & by every other appointment, to be our selves.

Po. Tut, our horses they shall not see, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards we will change, after we leave them: and sirra, I have cases of buckorum for the nonce, to inmask our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Po. Well, for two of them I know to be as true bred cowards as ever turned back: and for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear arms. The vertue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper, how thirty at least he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he indured, and in the reproof of these lies the jest.

Prin. Well, Ile go with thee, provide us all things necessary, and meet me to morrow night in Eastcheap, there Ile sup: farewell.

Poy. Farewell my Lord.

Exit Poynes.

Prin. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok't humour of your idlenesse:
Yet herein will I imitate the sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world;
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the yeer were playing holy dayes,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldome come, they wisht for, come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents:
So when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,

By

Henry

By how much better then
By so much shall I falsifie
And like bright metall
My reformation glittering
Shall shew more goodly
Then that which hath no
Ile so offend, to make off
Redeeming time, when I

Enter the King, North

Sir Walter

King. My blood hath

Unapt to stirre at these
And you have found me;
You tread upon my patience
I will from henceforth
Mighty, and to be fear'd.
Which hath been smooth
And therefore lost that title
Which the proud soul nee

Wor. Our house (my S

The scourge of greatnesse
And that same greatnesse
Have hope to make so po

King. Worcester, get the

Danger and disobedience
O sir, your presence is too
And majesty might never
The moody frontier of a se
You have good leave to le
Your use and counsell, we
You were about to speak.

Nor Yea my good Lord

Those prisoners in your hi
Which *Harry Percy* here a
Were, as he sayes, not wi
As he delivered to your M
Either envy therefore, or
Is guilty of this fault, and